

THE NEW NORTH



VOLUME 14. NO. 12.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1896.

TERA

CITY LIVERY

W. F. BALL, Prop.
Also Dealer in Ice
Free Ice to all Churches

The hearse and one three seated covered carriage free with other rigs at low prices for all funerals.

S. H. Alban was at Phillips Tuesday.
F. S. Robbins was up to Minocqua last Saturday.

Francis Lemons, 15 cents a dozen at Keeble's Bakery.
Cushman was busy last week treeing Eagle River.

Money back if you want it at the Cash Department Store.

John Barnes was at Oshkosh on legal business Monday.

Harry Ashton is putting in a week's fishing on Prairie River.

"The Pretty Persian" at the Grand Opera House next Monday night.

Sheriff O'Connor, of Eagle River, was in our city yesterday on business.

Shirt Smith, of Wausau, has been measuring and talking here nearly all week.

W. H. Flett, city attorney of Merrill, was in our city Tuesday on business.

Mrs. J. Connors, of Wakefield, is in Rhinelander visiting friends this week.

Good Bananas, 12 cents a dozen, large size Bananas 15 cents a dozen at Keeble's.

Everything as represented and all people treated alike at the Cash Department Store.

Mrs. Jule Demars and daughter are visiting relatives at Amherst, Waupaca county.

District Attorney Colman, of Vilas county, was here Saturday on his way home from Minocqua.

Another lot of fresh Eggs and dairy butter just received at Keeble's. Quality guaranteed.

Mr. Brooks, of the Holt Lumber Co., of Oconto, is in the city looking after the firm's lumbering interest.

T. W. Borum, general agent for the W. W. Kimball Co., of Chicago, is in the city on business this week.

A few more choice garments in ladies' spring capes at Gray's that will be sold at reduced prices to close them out.

The Macon (Ga.) Daily Telegram says: The comedians of the Andrews Opera Company out-class any who have been seen on the Macon stage for years.

Scissors will rust, machines clog up and fingers forget their cunning as long as ready-made clothing is sold so cheap by the Cash Department Store.

Miss Ada Verge was at Prentice Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. She went as a delegate from the Christian Endeavor Society to the convention in session there.

For nine consecutive years have the Andrews Opera Co. toured the United States, and not in one instance failing to give the best of satisfaction. Nearly the same artists, headed by that prince of Comedians, Ed. Andrews, will produce the charming three act comic opera, "The Pretty Persian," at the Grand opera house Monday, May 18. Secure seats now as this company always has a full house.

"The Two Muskies" will be presented to a Rhinelander audience for the first time next Saturday afternoon, in the court yardsquare. The entertainment is under the management of Master Stewart Smith, of this city. Stewart says he doesn't want the people to think, from the title of the show, that there will be a bullfight or any other entertainment of that nature, but that the entertainment will be first-class in every particular, and all that can be expected for the price of admission, which will be one cent. The town has been billed quite extensively with two hand bills, and a large crowd is ardently expected, as he has ordered fifteen tickets printed at this office.

Giles Coon was up to Eagle River last week looking after his drives.
Mrs. Maurice Melroe is a guest of Mrs. C. O. Marsh, at Antigo, this week.

W. H. Canon, United States Marshal, was in the city Monday on business.

Mrs. G. W. Bishop and daughter left Tuesday for a visit to friends in the southern part of the state.

Geo. Jenkinson talks of going to Stillwater, Minn., as agent for the Grand Union Tea Co., of Marinette.

J. J. Holder left Monday night for Chicago. He will be gone about two weeks visiting relatives and friends.

Tim Lennon, Prescott Calkins, A. S. Pierce, Dr. Melndoe and John Reardon joined the push and started for Prairie River Monday.

Full standard dress prints at 25 cents and L. L. cottons at 25 cents at Gray's this week. Why pay more for them at other places.

Money to loan on watches, diamonds, jewelry and all goods of value. Call at Binder's Loan Bank, Brown street, Rhinelander, Wis. 2t

John W. Fenton, of Hazelhurst, was in the city Saturday on his way to St. Paul where he went to look after some business matters.

W. B. LaSelle, George Clayton, Will Stevens and Will Ashton were down to Prairie River last week after trout. They brought back several hundred.

You can get goods at the lowest of prices at the Cash Department Store any day. Their prices are not regulated by the rise and fall of the temperature.

Next Lord's Day at the Baptist church the morning sermon will be on "Factors of Church Growth." Baptism will be administered after the evening sermon.

If you wish to trade where everything is marked in plain figures and all are treated alike, and where they do not throw out some trivial bait to allure you in as though you were a fish, trade at the Cash Department Store.

Rev. Father Cleary, of Minneapolis, who will lecture here in June, in the interest of the Catholic church, is president of the American Temperance Association. In our notice of last week we spoke of him as coming from Green Bay. We should have said Minneapolis.

J. G. Lang, of Marathon City, has been in town this week to look after his interests in this city. He left on the 122 train this noon. He seemed to be very much pleased with the improvements in this city, such as the new depot, the Catholic church, etc. In his opinion we will have another good summer for business.

Ed. Berry, well known here, has gone into the patent business and invented an appliance for preventing race horses from striking their feet together. It is in the form of a foot ball and when in position sets well up towards the horse's body between the fore legs. Horsemen who have tried the new invention are well pleased with it and it is said that Ed. has had many offers from men who have wanted to engage with him in the manufacture of the appliance.

The new extension to Robbins' Sugar Camp railroad is nearly completed and will be in operation in a short time. The intention now is to run a passenger coach at the end of the log train two or three days of the week which will enable fishing parties and pleasure hunters from the city to visit that charming region more easily than at present. The time is coming when this railroad will be an important factor as a feeder to Rhinelander. It runs into one of the best belts of hardwood country in Northern Wisconsin which will certainly be settled up within a few years. It will make an additional inducement for settlers and will bring a large amount of trade to the city in time.

Mr. D. J. Davis, a prominent liveryman and merchant of Goshen, Va., has this to say on the subject of rheumatism: "I take pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, as I know from personal experience that it will do all that is claimed for it. A year ago this spring my brother was laid up in bed with inflammatory rheumatism and suffered intensely. The first application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm eased the pain and the use of one bottle completely cured him." For sale at Palace Drug Store.

FOR THE FIRST FAIR.

Oneida County's Agricultural Society Makes a Start.

September 7, 8 and 9 have been set upon as the dates for the first Fair and Exposition of the Oneida County Agricultural Society. A meeting of the stockholders of the association was held last Friday evening. It was well attended and the interest evinced there shows conclusively that the work of preparation for the first fair will be done with an earnestness which will insure success. The general outline of the work to be accomplished and results to be obtained was discussed Friday evening and the culmination of it all was the appointing of an executive committee with full power to go ahead in the matter of preparatory work. The committee which has had charge of the building and equipment of grounds reported that another week's work would put them in proper shape for the Exposition. The track is now fit and needs but a little hantening to make it equal to any half mile track in Northern Wisconsin. A crew of men have been at work for some time upon it and have also put the grounds, fence and building in suitable condition. The money to carry on these improvements has been collected from those who first subscribed and as soon as other delinquents settle there will be no difficulty in finishing up. There are a large number who signed for membership in the association and have not as yet paid their dollar in to the treasury. The officers of the association desire to have it stated to those that if they will please call upon the Treasurer, W. C. Ogden, and liquidate their indebtedness that they will not only receive a receipt but the thanks of the association as well. The meeting Friday night was presided over by Judge Alban, President of the Association. The executive committee which will have charge of the preliminary matters relating to the fair consists of Mr. Alban, President, A. M. Rogers, Secretary, W. C. Ogden, Treasurer, Jas. Young and John C. Curran. The Bicycle Club have decided to become members of the Association, pay a small fee and have the use of the track for riding at all times. A meeting of the executive committee will be held next week when we hope to be able to publish something definite with regard to the plans for the fair.

Important to Buyers.

I am going to offer the present stock of pianos and organs at such low prices and such easy terms that ought to crowd my store with satisfied customers. I am going to cut the prices on stock on hand and close out every instrument at factory prices. I must have cash and paper with which to meet bills that mature June 1, and I will make terms and prices that will close my stock with a rush. I will have the assistance of one or two salesmen from the factory during the sale. The factory has authorized us to slash prices and sell on extraordinary easy terms. I have some especially fine bargains in pianos and organs, somewhat second hand, but as good as new, that we will close out prices that can't help but suit. Railroad fare from outside towns allowed purchasers of instruments. W. S. JEWELL.

School Board Committees.

At the adjourned meeting of the School Board Monday evening President John Barnes announced the following committees:

Finance and Claims—A. D. Sutton, H. R. Weesner, Geo. W. Porter.
School Buildings and Grounds—L. Annis, H. R. Weesner, G. W. Porter.
Purchasing—S. S. Miller, A. D. Sutton.

Employment of Teachers and Janitors—S. S. Miller, Mrs. A. D. Daniels, L. Annis.

Organization and Grading—Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Ogden, S. S. Miller.

Inspection of Schools—Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Ogden, Mrs. Sheldon.

Library and Text Books—Mrs. Ogden, L. Annis, A. D. Sutton.

School Government and Rules—H. R. Weesner, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Sheldon.

A new jewelry store has been opened up on Brown street, next door to Weber's grocery, where first-class watch repairing is done at reasonable prices. Watch cleaning \$1.00; main springs \$1.00; watch crystals 15 to 25 cents; clocks cleaned 25 to 50 cents, and all work guaranteed. J. R. BINDER, Prop.

E. R. LeFevre was in the city Saturday.

Mrs. J. D. Buckley was in the city over Sunday.

Mrs. Jacob Klumb entertained her friend, Mrs. Loukey, of Eagle River, last week.

Rev. J. H. Chandler was in attendance at the convention held at Prentice this week.

George Storans returned Saturday night from an extended stay in northern Minnesota where he has been at work for a lumber company.

F. A. Hildebrand and Wm. Mackey are the delegates from the local Odd Fellows' Lodge who will attend the Grand Lodge in Stevens Point next month. E. L. Dimick and Chas. Miles were elected as alternates.

If you are looking for a sewing machine call at Gray's. We have the agency for the Domestic, Household, Standard and Wheeler & Wilson and sell them all at cut prices.

A. W. Shelton, Judge McOrmick and F. S. Robbins have started the work of boulevarding the streets. They have graded and sodded out beyond their shade trees in a manner which will add largely to the appearance of the street. If more will follow suit Rhinelander's streets will present a different appearance in a couple of years.

Do you want dishes and glassware at your own price? This is what you may get at Binder's new store, next to Weber's. Picture frames made to order at cost of moulding. Call and inspect bargains. 2t

Bert Swartout and Miss Lizzie Keith were married Saturday evening, by Rev. Mr. Sheard, at the home of the bride's brother, Dr. E. H. Keith. They immediately began housekeeping in the McLaughlin home on the north side. Both of the contracting parties are well known in the city and start life in the new relation with an abundance of well wishes.

By the courtesy of Secretary of State, Henry Casson, we have received a copy of the Wisconsin census report for 1895. It is a voluminous volume of over one thousand pages, containing exceedingly valuable information with regard to every county in the State. From it we learn that there are fourteen hundred acres of improved land in Oneida County, twelve hundred and nineteen acres of which are located in the Town of Peikan. This town's farms are valued at seventy-three thousand dollars; its horses are valued at ten thousand two hundred and thirty dollars. The average price paid farm laborers in Oneida county is given at thirty dollars per month.

John C. Yawkey, who formerly worked for the Yawkey Lumber Company at Hazelhurst, and was a brother of Cyrus, met his death in a peculiar manner a short time ago. He was out upon a bicycle, speeding along the streets of Detroit and in dodging a street car fell to the pavement. He thought nothing serious of the fall and promptly mounted his wheel. It was a couple of hours before he realized that he was hurt badly and an examination by a physician disclosed the fact that he had suffered a rupture. He lived only two days. C. C. Yawkey arrived there immediately after his death and attended the funeral which was held in Saginaw. John was thirty-five years of age and was doing a prosperous business in the bicycle supply trade. He was quite well known in this county.

The first game of base ball of the season will be played next Sunday between the newly organized Rhinelander team and the club from Tomahawk. Rhinelander's battery will be a new pitcher, not yet secured, and Donohue. There are plenty of players here to form a good team and there is no reason why they should not be able to out-point the team from Bradleysburg. The game will be called at 2:30. It is the intention to organize regularly and to secure at least one game a week during the season. There are a great many people who receive considerable enjoyment from base ball and it certainly tends to liven up matters in any place. We hope that the boys will be successful with their playing and that the public will give them a liberal patronage.

We make no distinction between mankind, no matter whether they carry a thousand or a single coin, we make the same low prices to all. CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

FOR NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

The New Elaborate Handbook Setting Forth its Resources now Ready.

Professor Henry, Dean of the State Agricultural College, is the author of a two hundred page book, handsomely illustrated, gotten up by authority of the legislature, and designed to encourage immigration to Northern Wisconsin, by properly portraying its agricultural advantages. The book is not only a splendid publication for its intended purpose, but is one that will be admired by every person into whose hands it falls.

In introducing the volume Prof. Henry says:

"The possibility that Northern Wisconsin may some day become an agricultural region of excellence and prominence is little realized and less recognized anywhere, even by the people of our own state. Knowing somewhat of its true worth and believing that the time had come for the development of this region into a farming community, the friends of Northern Wisconsin secured from the legislature of 1894 an act providing for the preparation of a handbook by the College of Agriculture. In compliance with this act, every county in Northern Wisconsin was visited during the summer and fall of 1895 by the writer or one of the following assistants: F. H. King, professor of agricultural physics; E. S. Goff, professor of horticulture; J. A. Craig, professor of animal husbandry; and F. W. Well, assistant professor of agricultural chemistry, all of the Agricultural college.

"Our attention was particularly directed to observing the character and adaptation of the soil to agriculture and the water supply; the crops as grown in the fields and the clearings of the settlers were carefully examined and many views taken of them by the aid of our photographer, Mr. E. J. Perkins, of Madison. The herds and flocks of domestic animals wherever found were studied to ascertain whether farm animals would so thrive in this region that we could recommend it for certain particular lines of animal husbandry.

"Without any attempt at exactness we have assumed in this handbook that Northern Wisconsin embraces that portion of our commonwealth lying above a line drawn from Green Bay to Hudson. It was found that at several points along such a line the country is already quite well advanced agriculturally, while at others, notably in Clark and Wood counties, agriculture is still in a primitive condition owing to the heavy hardwood forests which once entirely covered those sections.

"Besides the crops of the fields, we have endeavored to show something of the great forests yet covering large areas in the north, where they stand in all their primeval grandeur with their wealth of timber yet unharvested. We have also given views showing how in many cases parts of these forests have been ruined by fire and wind-such scenes are not pleasant to contemplate, but they are shown because the settler will find many such devastated sections as those depicted, and it is our duty to give him this information so that he may know in advance what he shall see when he comes and thereby be not misled. We have also given views of the homes of pioneer farmers, showing the log cabin and the house that comes later on, when substantial improvements are made. In general we have endeavored to picture Northern Wisconsin faithfully so that any one traversing this region, into whose hands this book may fall, will agree that we have represented it fairly and impartially, having set forth its various features just as he finds them.

"The purpose of this book, as designated by law, is not only an effort to interest possible settlers in our state, but another and higher one, pointing out the crops best suited to the various sections, and the agricultural industries in which the people can wisely and safely embark." If the settlers of Northern Wisconsin shall undertake the cultivation of the right crops in the right manner, and the production of those agricultural staples to which the region, climate and soil are adapted, and for which there is a paying market demand, then prosperity will attend their coming from the day they set foot among us. Much of this handbook is devoted to a consideration of the crops and industries adapted to this region in the hope that the settler may be started right in the very beginning of his efforts.

"With farms supplementing the forest Northern Wisconsin will not revert to a wilderness with the passing of the lumber industry, but will be occupied by a thrifty class of farmers whose well-directed, intelligent efforts, bring substantial satisfactory returns from fields, flocks and herds."

Many of the leading articles in the volume were written by Professor Henry, and the entire text has been most carefully prepared. The book contains eight tables of statistics concerning agricultural resources. From the table showing the number of acres improved in the state by counties it appears that Douglas county has 3,516 acres under the plow, from which a product worth \$61,725 was taken last year, and the total value of the farms is \$201,750. Under the head of "market possibilities" the book says:

"Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—efforts rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual dislocation of the system, which the pleasant and easy laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and this everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the only remedy which promotes internal and external cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore agriculturally undeveloped and are obliged to receive almost all of their horticultural supplies from far to the southward. Indeed, the rise of these cities is in some respects unique, and will be difficult to understand until we consider the conditions by which they have been fostered. Reared by a commerce borne on the bosom of the great inland sea by whose waters they are planted, or by industries growing out of the rich mining and lumbering regions in this vicinity, they have developed almost without a thought of the latent agricultural resources of the surrounding country. Within sound of some of their church bells are today dense native forests that have been penetrated only by the hunter and lumberman, though the land bearing these forests would, if cleared, often be admirably suited to horticultural crops.

Copies of the book can be secured by addressing George W. Bishop at Rhinelander.

A trout supper was given by Will Ashton Monday night at the new rooms of the Bachelors' Club on Brown street. Covers were laid for seventeen. The two hundred and thirty-four trout were devoured in nine minutes. Will Ashton acted as toast master and we regret that a lack of space prevents a suitable synopsis of the appropriate addresses which were given by many of the guests. As usual Francis Ulrich did the honors as cook and the music was furnished by the Bachelors' Quartette.

We cannot afford to sell you goods for less than cost with free music, and when you come to purchase something that you are not thoroughly posted on, over-charge you. The only way we can afford to do business is to make small profits with many sales and treat all people as God intended one fellow being should treat another.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Two special cars bearing the Soo Line's Superintendent of telegraph and party came over from Minneapolis last week. The party was joined here by C. M. Chambers and a couple of days trout fishing was taken at Parrish. They had excellent success and went home with several hundred trout.

A party of Minneapolis gentlemen, including Thos. Gray, manager of the West Hotel, accompanied by Paul Browne and Harry Ashton, of this place, were down to Prairie River for a trout fishing trip.

Mr. Wm. Averill and daughter, Miss Carrie, left Monday for Fremont, Wis., where they will join Mrs. Averill and visit relatives for a short time. From there they will go to Minneapolis, where they will reside in the future.

A Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias for the State of Wisconsin is in session this week at Fond du Lac. E. G. Squier, of this city, represents the Flambeau Lodge. He left for that place Monday night.

The Vilas County Board met for the first time last Monday. William Elliot, of Arbor Vitae, was elected chairman and T. I. Laughlin, of Minocqua, purchasing agent. The county printing was given to O. B. Moen.

A. R. Week and J. T. Clifford, prominent lumbermen of Stevens Point, were in the city Monday. Mr. Clifford is owner of the town west of here on the Soo which bears his name.

If you want a nice pretty wash suit for your boy or a new fine straw hat for your daughter go to the Cash Department Store, for there you can get nice goods and get them at low prices.

We lead but never follow as you will see if you compare the quality and prices of our goods with those of other merchants.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Carpets are selling every day at Gray's. If you want a good carpet at a lower price than others will sell it come in and look them over.

Man Laughs at Woman

When he sees her struggling to get this season's dress sleeves into last season's coat and is apt to chide her for her lack of patience, but did you ever see a more pitiable object than self-possessed man trying to button a collar to an ill-fitting shirt? First he's mad, next he feels like crying; then, rip goes the collar. At this point you begin removing the furniture from the room—if you've seen him in one of the tantrums before. Yet man goes on buying ill-fitting shirts in a hurry and

LITTLE VASQUEZ'S NERVE

The Last Hours of a Dreaded Mexican Outlaw.

The subject of the recent conviction of several of the notorious outlaws in the southwest came up for discussion in a party of ranchmen and miners at the hotel in this place the other evening. Every one in the party had had long and varied experiences in California, New Mexico and Arizona since he came across the plains with an ox team or across the isthmus in the '90's or early '90's, and naturally all had interesting recollections to tell of what they had seen of wild, lawless and irresponsible characters on the plains and among the mountains.

Col. Dan Fillmore, who is one of the principal cattlemen in Ventura county, and came to California in the '40's, told the most interesting reminiscence of the evening.

"I reached Sacramento," said he, "in the days of the wildest and most bonanza-like days of gold washing along the creeks and through the canyons of central California, and in the 46 years since then I have as a mining prospector and later as a cattle man seen a good bit of the genuine frontier life, and have had some dealings with desperadoes and outlaws. First and last, I have been a witness to the hanging of 27 men, and the shooting of several more. I think I have myself acted as an officer of the peace in the lynching of 11 or 12 of the most cruel, deliberate and scheming bandits that ever figured in class literature. But gentlemen, the calmest, coolest and most collected man I ever saw in the presence of an appointed and inexorable death, the one who seemed most indifferent to his doom, was that famous little effeminate-looking outlaw, Tiburcio Vasquez, who was hanged in San Jose 14 years ago. I have seen many men go upon a scaffold and under the hangman's noose with an affected nerve and an apparent carelessness of their fate, and have heard men call that nerve, but it was all summoned and exhibited for the last few moments only. Now Vasquez had the genuine article, and while he appreciated fully that he had but a day longer to live, his constant effort was to make those about him as cheerful as possible.

Tiburcio Vasquez was, as you remember, the son of a prominent family in Chihuahua, Mexico. His grandfather was an intimate terms with Gen. Turbide and Santa Anna and was rich 70 years ago. Young Vasquez was given a good education until he was 16 years old, and was to be sent to Barcelona, Spain, for a college education, but he was born with too wild, desperate, lawless and cruel a disposition. When he was scarcely more than a youth he broke through all restraint at home and at school and became an outlaw. When he was 22 or 23 years old he had developed into the boldest and most ruthless brigand we cattlemen and miners along the Rio Grande region ever knew. In the summer of 1872

None of his friends could save him, notwithstanding the money that was sent and the lawyers who worked day and night in his relief. That was in 1891. He was confined in the jail at San Jose, and as I knew Sheriff Adams well, I went to see Vasquez, of whom I had many times been in terror, and whom I had a great curiosity to meet. As I, in company with several ranchmen, went into the jail corridor the afternoon before the day of his execution, Vasquez was led out of his cell to chat with us. He was a little, dapper fellow, with bright, laughing eyes, a pleasant mouth, and thin, clean-shaven face. He did not weigh over 120 pounds, and his dress was scrupulously neat. It was hard for many of us ranchmen to believe that he was really the Vasquez of whose wholesale robberies, dreadful slayings of human life and unprecedented recklessness we had heard almost daily for over a decade. We had had cowboys who seemed able to swallow that little fellow, but who held even the name of Vasquez in constant dread.

"The little Mexican was writing farewell letters to his friends as we came into the corridor, and as he came out of his cell he tucked his penholder behind his ear and smilingly extended his hand to each in our party. 'I'm pleased to see you,' said he, 'but if I have not my wits at command, please remember that for several hours I have been putting my brains to severe letter writing. When one comes to write the very last letters of all to his dear ones, you know, it is quite brain-taxing.'

"We offered him a handful of cigars, and he said: 'Many thanks to you, gentlemen. I love to smoke, but I don't think I shall have time to smoke all these. So I'll leave some for the guards.' Vasquez was put out that there were not enough seats for all of us, and in whispers begged the guards to go and get a chair in another part of the jail, and he remained standing while we sat. He gossiped about the latest news from San Francisco, and asked a Mexican gentleman in our party for further bits of political information from the City of Mexico. He told a neat little story about a funny experience among the servants in his father's home in Chihuahua when he was a boy, and when the story drew forth a humorous tale from one of our party, he laughed as merrily and genuinely as you can imagine. 'Ah, you Americans,' said he, in his smooth, musical Spanish accent, 'you Americans have such a way of seeing funny things. I guess I have missed a good deal of it by not being a Yankee, too.'

"Turning to me, Vasquez asked if I was not the Fillmore who once had a herd of cattle and a ranch down the Gila river country in Arizona. Upon my answering yes, he said: 'Oh, now I know all about you, Mr. Fillmore. Your cattle outfit and my gang had some little disputes about property several years ago. I believe we had to shoot one or two of your men. Well, I am sincerely sorry, Mr. Fillmore, that I ever did you any harm, but it seems to me at this recollection we were in desperate straits when we were over your way, and we had to do something out of the ordinary in our line of business. Now please don't harbor any ill will for me after I am gone to-morrow for those old bygones.'

"Vasquez said he believed he once got hold somewhere in Arizona of a blooded horse having my brand upon it, and that it was the best animal he ever had to realize when it must do its utmost at speed to deliver its rider out of danger. 'I'm sorry, Mr. Fillmore, you were so much a victim of my way of doing business,' said the young man, with the only tinge of sorrow that escaped him that day. He told of the pleasure he had had in reading Bret Harte's stories in the last two weeks, and regretted that he had not known the fun and wit there were in Don Quixote in his early days.

"As he stood there, one hand on the arm of his chair, a newspaper in the other, and showing a courteous interest in the efforts of the bustling deputy to find seats for his guests he was far from formidable in appearance. However terrible he may have looked when, shotgun in hand, he rode up to the stage coach or the wayside store, the lonely traveler or the isolated ranch house, with his clattering, criminal cavalry behind him, as ready to blow out brains and cut throats as to take plunder, he was now but a short, broad-shouldered, dark-skinned, pleasant-faced Mexican, with nothing forbidding about him. Indeed, his manner was engaging.

"I would rather talk of something else, if it is agreeable to you, gentlemen," he said to a reporter who had joined us, and began business at once by asking Vasquez about his mental condition.

"I am to be hanged to-morrow. Very well. I don't like it, but I have no choice. See?

"And he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Do you feel that you deserve your fate?" solemnly asked the reporter.

"Well, that does not much matter," he answered, lighting a cigar. "While I never killed anybody myself I permitted my men to do so, and in the eye of the law that is the same thing. I suppose I deserve what is going to happen. Since I cannot help myself I am content."

"Do you believe in a hereafter?" asked the solemn reporter.

"No—do you?" he asked in return, his black eyes twinkling.

"The solemn reporter grinned, and said Vasquez.

"The priest has been here. He says there is another world. He is a good man and believes it. Very well, I do not know. But, seriously, I die a Christian, a Catholic, as I have lived. Will you pardon me, gentlemen, if I ask you to talk about something else than myself? I am glad to see you. I like company. The weather is pleasant, eh?"

away dragging hours. He had about 14 of them left.

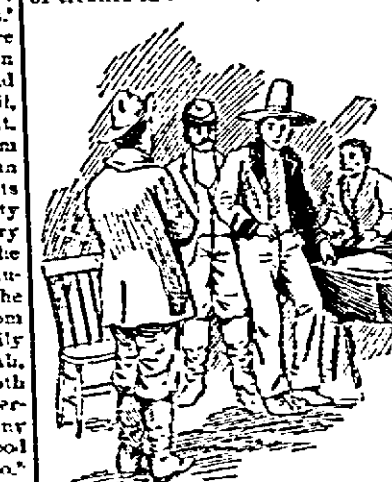
"The man's face was strong and firm. He was in the prime of life and in perfect health. His courage had been proved in many a bloody fight, and if by murdering all his visitors it would have given him one chance in a thousand to escape that chance would have been taken and God thanked for it. As it was, he smiled cordially, and accepted the inevitable with manly composure.

"His politeness was inexhaustible. The editor of one of the local papers came in, greeted him with a boisterous hilarity meant at once to cheer the condemned and display to the metropolitan journalists his superior intimacy with a celebrated character. The editor actually took a copy of his paper from his pocket, and, with the remark: 'I suppose you want to hear what I said about you to-night,' sat down and read to Vasquez three solid columns about his crime, and a minute description of the gallows, with mention of the other criminals who had stepped upon it.

"This performance appalled the reporters, but Vasquez bore it in silence, without a wince or a frown.

"Sheriff Adams appeared and the Mexican retired into the shadow with him. They whispered together, and the sheriff seemed to be trying to dissuade his charge from some purpose. But Vasquez was resolute, and the officers retired with a deprecatory shrug.

"Soon there was a tramping of feet without, the key turned and the iron doors were thrown open, clanging. Two men bearing a coffin and followed by a black-coated undertaker, with a pair of trestles in his hand, came in. The



"IT IS TOO SHORT," SAID VASQUEZ.

coffin—a fine one, studded with silver-headed nails—was placed on the trestles, and the brigand, cigar in teeth, stepped up and inspected it with lively interest. He half squatted and ran his hand along the side.

"It's too short," he said with surprise, looking at the awed undertaker, who assured him it was all right—that it should be measured at the top, not at the bottom.

"It's high," cried Vasquez, with a wave of his hand, pleased at the quality of the coffin, which had been provided by his friends. The undertaker thought he referred to the lid, which was rounded, and said it was the fashion to make them that way.

"Oh! he doesn't mean that," said the editor, scornfully. "What he means is that it's nifty."

"Yes, nifty," agreed the Mexican, glancing gratefully at the San Jose journalist for supplying the right word.

"Yes, yes, it's nifty."

"He put his hand inside, felt the padding, pressed the little pillow and, with an upward tilt of his cigar, observed: 'Well, I shall sleep there pretty well.'

"He turned away toward his chair. 'Don't take me, Vasquez, if you haven't nerve!' exclaimed a reporter, admiringly.

"What would be the use of being the other way?" he said, calmly enough, but there was a sharp thrill in his tone that hinted at the agony in the caged man's heart.

"On the next morning Vasquez walked out into the small jail yard, climbed the steps of the scaffold, gazed indifferently at the gaping mob of men below, threw a wistful glance beyond the walls at the blue hills, on which he had ridden on many a fray with his cut-throats, and then gave all his attention to the ghastly business of the moment.

"They sought to unbutton his coat. He waved them aside politely and did it himself. He assisted the hangman in adjusting the straps and ropes, glancing down to see that his feet were precisely on the cross, kissed the crucifix held out to him by the priest, and bore himself with patience and dignity while they drew over him a white sheet and placed on his head and shoulders a great black hood. 'I am ready,' he said, serenely, closing his eyes.

"And that was the last of Vasquez."—Ontario (Cal.) Telegram to the Philadelphia Times.

Wanted to Collaborate.

"Good day," said the man whose manners are infinitely better than his clothes, as he stepped into the merchant tailor's place of business. "Have you a doctor connected with this establishment?"

"No, sir; certainly not," replied the amazed business man.

"Ah! that's good. I'm a doctor and I hope we shall get along very nicely together."

"Get along together! What do you mean?"

"You advertised 'a fit guaranteed,' don't you?"

"Well, I cure fits."—Detroit Free Press.

THE NEW OLYMPIC GAMES.

Purpose of the Movement and Some of Its Probable Results.

It is the purpose of the new Olympic Games to revive the genuine old spirit of Olympia, adding to athletics in all nations real elements of life and interest. It is hoped to stem the tide that has been setting so strongly of late towards professionalism and turn it back in the direction of legitimate amateur sport. We in America especially need such an influence. We do our athletics too much by proxy, hiring men to play baseball and football for us, while we sit by in ruinous inaction. Even in our colleges but a small fraction of the students take more part in athletics than to pay their subscriptions and attend the games. Every one of our out-of-door sports has been debased to the service of the professional athlete, whose object is to develop not a symmetrical and healthy man, but a distorted animal machine fitted by long training for the performance of this or that particular feat of skill. Athletic and gymnastic sports are absolutely essential to the physical salvation of a race as tensely strung and nervous as Americans, but their renewal and popularity depends on their rescue from the control of those whose goal is the almighty dollar and not the simple olive branch. When athletics become a trade their influence for good is dead. We in America do not need more hired athletes, but we do need a general revival of interest in out-of-door sports, an interest that shall be personal and universal, without age limit. The new movement properly managed and adequately supported cannot fail to have a powerful influence in this direction.

But the greatest good in this first meeting of the Olympic Games will accrue to Greece herself. It will be a great rallying time for the people of Greater Hellas.

Of her absent children thousands will flock to Athens. The 6th of April is the 75th anniversary of Greek independence, and the fires of patriotism will blaze high in Greek hearts. It will be no strange thing if the Cretan shall go back to his island more than ever intent on revolution; if the Macedonian Greek with eyes more full of longing shall look across the mountains to his happier Thessalian brothers; if the Greeks throughout the sultan's realm shall wait with yet greater impatience for the time to come when the enslaved half of Hellas shall be free.—Prof. William A. Elliott, M.A., in Chautauquan.

England's Isolation.

The Sovereign of the Seas Knows No Friend.

England as a nation has not, and rarely has had, a friend; she is isolated, and the world delights, says Macmillan's Magazine, to impress her isolation upon her. Once indeed she drew very close to Holland, so close that, after fighting her battles for two generations, she offered to make one republic with her; but the only results were seven of the fiercest naval engagements ever known and the ousting of the Dutch from their dominion of the sea. The only European people who having passed from under her rule conspired to return to it were the Gascons at the close of the Hundred Years' war. There can be no more curious example of the caprices of national friendship than this. Normandy and Brittany, nearer to us in breed, climate and position, joyfully cast us out, and the hot-blooded province of the south, for all that it had once rebelled against the Black Prince, entreated us to stay.

With Scotland the case was different. She had for many hundred years a friendship, hardly extinguished until the middle of the last century, which brought woes unnumbered both upon England and herself, and many times threatened to overwhelm England altogether. So surely as an English expedition went to France, down came the Scots across the border. The victory of Neville's Cross was won when Edward III. lay before Calais; the victory of Flodden was won when Henry VIII. lay before Tournay. The story was eternally the same.

"If that you will France win. Then with Scotland first begin." Nothing could shake the friendship of France and Scotland, and it was when France was in her direst need that Scotland came forward to help her in her own territory, and for reward received the high privilege of guarding the sacred person of the French king.

For Lovers of Figures.

Seventy-two races inhabit the world and use 3,004 different tongues. There are about 1,000 religions. The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only 33 years. About one-third of the population dies before the age of 17. According to the most careful computation, only one person in 100,000 of both sexes attain the age of 100 years, and six to seven in 100 the age of 60. The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 22,214,000 die annually, an average of 93,418 a day, 4,000 an hour and 67 a minute. The annual number of births is estimated at 26,725,000, an average of 109,450 a day, 4,500 an hour and 70 a minute.—N. Y. World.

Kites as an Aid to Flight.

Some are studying kites as an aid to flight. Lawrence Hargrave, of New South Wales, has made a great number of simple and successful models—the latest being driven by compressed air, and flying over 200 feet. He has lately given his attention to kites; and in October, 1904, made one that carried him up along a string, and brought him safely down. He claims that this kite, which looks like two boxes, without top or bottom, and fastened to each other by sticks, will carry a man up and bring him down safely, and thus offers an excellent chance to try any new flying apparatus.—Towler Jenks, in St. Nicholas.

—This is the fruit of craft; like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft and finds it in his forehead.—Milton.

COST OF ROYAL VISITS.

Earl of Lonsdale Paid \$1,000,000 for Entertaining Emperor William.

Americans are so firmly imbued with the conviction that a citizen of the United States is fully as good in every way as a prince of the blood, or even as a full-blooded sovereign of the old world, that few, save those who have resided for any length of time in the European capitals and who have been included in what are known as the court circles, can have any idea of the fuss, the trouble, the formal etiquette, and, above all, the expense entailed by royal visits, which are particular in this respect, that the people to whom they are paid are thoroughly made to feel that they are being accorded an altogether exceptional honor.

Royal visits may roughly be divided into three classes, namely: Ordinary calls, purely private visits, where the illustrious guest is supposed to lay aside to ascertain extent his left hand; and semi-state and full state visits. These latter, above all, are a source of frightful expenditure on the part of the entertainer, and it is probable that within the last four or five months several millions of dollars have been spent by the English aristocracy and gentry in welcoming to their abodes in a suitable manner the children and grandchildren of their sovereign.

The Earl of Lonsdale is known to have spent close upon a million dollars in connection with the four-days' visit which Emperor William paid him at Louth castle last autumn. They say that Lady "Bill" Beresford paid \$150,000 out of her Hammersley dollars to entertain the prince from Saturday to Monday at Deepdene; while, according to all accounts, the recent stay of the prince of Wales at Highclere castle with young Lord and Lady Carnarvon must have cost in the neighborhood of a million dollars, if not more. Not only was the grand old place refurbished at immense expense from cellar to garret, the apartments destined for the prince being even paneled and tapestried anew, but there were even additional stables and accommodations for the servants built for the occasion, the number of horses and carriages being likewise largely increased. Then, too, Lord Carnarvon had taken the precaution to stock his coverts with some 20,000 artificially-reared pheasants, purchased at a heavy cost from the great Hampshire game farm, which makes a specialty of pheasant breeding.

On the three days that the prince and his party were able to get out after the birds during his stay at Highclere he and his party succeeded in slaughtering no less than 11,000 birds, and had not the heavy rain kept the guests indoors during the remainder of the prince's visit it is probable that the size of the bag would have been doubled.

In spite of the bad weather the prince cannot have been bored, so varied were the indoor amusements. Lord Carnarvon had engaged the services of the leading and champion professional billiard players to exhibit their skill at the tables. Then there were Indian jugglers, English conjurers, song-stresses of the Yvette Gaillard type from Paris, a dramatic troupe from London and the famous Gottlieb band to discourse sweet music. Lord Carnarvon having no permanent private string band of his own, as have Lord Lonsdale and several other British nobles.

Throughout the prince's stay the menu was daily submitted to him for his approval, in compliance with the rules of etiquette. Though not a gourmand, he is, nevertheless, a gourmet, and as such prefers small, choice dinners to elaborate banquets. In fact, there is nothing that he abhors so much as an extent as a dinner of many courses, and he declines to remain any longer at table than an hour. He is waited upon by his own servant, who stands behind his chair and takes the dishes from the other servants. But it is not true that he carries about with him his own wines to private houses. This is a pretension which he only adopts in the case of public banquets. A peculiarity that is observed at table when he is present is the absence of finger bowls, save for him alone, and for any other guest of royal rank who might happen to be present. The reason for this is not that the princes and princesses of the blood stand in more need of cleansing than ordinary mortals, nor yet that the latter are prompted by a sentiment of respect to leave the palm for cleanliness to the "anointed of the Lord" by themselves remaining unwashed; but the custom had its origin in a trick which the Jacobite nobles were wont to play in the last century, during the reign of the first three King Georges. In those good old times no one would dream of rising from the dinner table without toasting the sovereign. To refrain from doing so was equivalent to a profession of disloyalty, and any refusal to take part in the toast and drain one's glass to the monarch placed one in peril of many penalties in the way of forfeiture of titles and estates, imprisonment, exile, and even death, that were reserved for those who declined allegiance to King George.

Now, during the last century a considerable portion of the English aristocracy were devoted to the cause of the Stuarts, and when called upon to join in drinking the inevitable toast, "The King," they would make a practice of looking their wine glass over the finger bowl when responding thereto, so that, while apparently drinking to King George, they were in reality drinking to "the king over the water." This is why finger bowls were tabooed in society until the accession of Queen Victoria, when all danger of a Jacobite movement and restoration was at an end. The English, however, are a conservative people, and this quaint custom has been retained, particularly by the older families of the aristocracy, whenever British royalty honors them with its presence at their table.—Vogue.

—When fortune means to men most good she looks upon them with a threatening eye.—Shakespeare.

More Good News.

General Manager F. S. Macgregor, of the Walker A. Wood Hardware Co., St. Paul, Minn., informs us that business is excellent and that his company will be able this fall to liquidate its entire indebtedness, and pass out of the receiver's hands in a most prosperous condition. He is our authority, also, for announcing the good news that some of the most influential stockholders of the St. Paul and Hook & Lumber Co. are now at work trying to effect a reorganization, to the end of placing both companies in a position to go along with the business in such manner as to maintain past reputation for solidity and progressiveness. If the reorganization is effected, which from present progress would seem assured, the business will again be on a solid foundation and under a management that will push its well known machines in every market on the globe.—Farm Machinery, April 21, 1904.

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism.

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Places of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Made Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla."—UNION HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell. Prepare only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver, bile, easy to take, easy to operate.

MISSISSIPPI SCENIC LINE

Any Burlington Agent or your home Agent will sell you a ticket via the DIRECT LINE—or for additional information write to W. J. KENYON, GEORGE ST. PAUL, MINN.

Just as Good never yet equalled the

S.H. & M. REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

Simply refuse the "just as good" sort.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Sample showing labels and material is mailed free. Home "making" a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skin Head. Price 25 cents. Postage paid. S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

A SHINING EXAMPLE of what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago.

For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

You Poor Rheumatic. There is a remedy, thoroughly reliable, called "Allen's Vegetable Extract," that we will guarantee will cure you, or it shall cost you nothing. If you will write us about your case, we will gladly consider it, and will you our medicine if we feel sure it will cure you; not otherwise. 130 doses by mail for \$1.00. The Allen Sarsaparilla Co., Worcester, Mass.

CUBA and her STRUGGLE for FREEDOM. With Notes on the History of the Island, and a Description of the People. By W. E. D. WILSON, M. A., F. R. S. E. LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD., 1, BURLINGTON GARDENS, W. 1.

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent free on receipt of 10c. W. E. D. WILSON, M. A., F. R. S. E. LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD., 1, BURLINGTON GARDENS, W. 1.

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WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

A Mother's Crime.
Mrs. F. N. Sailer, wife of a business man at Sturgeon Bay, drowned her two children and then committed suicide by the same means. The woman went down the bay shore a distance of three miles and evidently walked out into the bay with her children and held them under the water until life was extinct, after which she laid down and suffered herself to be drowned. Mrs. Sailer was 22 years of age and was the fourth wife of her husband, and from all reports the couple had not been living happily.

Lumbermen Lose Heavily.
Several piles of lumber fell into Chequamegon bay at Ashland, which makes over 2,000,000 feet that has tumbled in since the ice moved. Four hundred thousand feet of lumber belonging to the Brewers, of Saginaw, Mich., broke through the Kennedy dock and floated off. A portion of Sutherland's dock also broke down and 100,000 feet of lumber fell into the bay. The damage to docks this spring is unprecedented.

Exposition in Milwaukee.
The semi-centennial committee of 100 chose their permanent officers at Milwaukee as follows: President, Lucia Fairchild, Madison; vice president, H. A. Taylor, Madison; treasurer, John C. Koch, Milwaukee; secretary, Walter W. Pollock, Milwaukee. It was decided by the committee that there should be a state semi-centennial celebration and that an exposition should be held in Milwaukee to celebrate the state's birthday.

Surveyors Form a Society.
Civil engineers and surveyors form various parts of this state met in Appleton and formed themselves into a body which resolved to incorporate itself as the Wisconsin Society of Engineers and Surveyors. The officers for the ensuing year are: N. H. Smith, president; R. F. Dorr, Antioch, vice president; C. T. Harrison, secretary and treasurer; C. H. Vinal, Appleton; H. W. Leach, Oshkosh; H. A. Little, Menasha, and the president and secretary, directors.

Houses Trembled.
A shock like an earthquake shook the entire city of Marinette. Houses trembled for a few seconds, windows rattled and people who were asleep were awakened. The city experienced several similar shocks last winter, and it is supposed they were caused by the expansion of the ice on Green Bay. Now it is certain that they were of a seismic nature. No damage was done.

Right Woman Got It.
A farmer at Buena Vista buried \$2,000 in gold under his doorstep. When he went to dig it up it was gone. It turned out that his wife, who had been allowed to wear nothing but calico dresses for 14 years, and who had been compelled to work on the farm like a common hand, had taken the money, and everybody in the neighborhood was glad of it.

Had Pure Diamonds.
Diamonds which by the aid of the Roentgen ray are shown to be as pure as anything found in South Africa have been discovered within 20 miles of Milwaukee in the southwestern part of the county of Waushara. The gems were discovered by a poor farmer and were taken to Milwaukee and pronounced by local jewelers as diamonds.

A Banker in Trouble.
John Kupp, a private banker at Bangor, was bound over to the circuit court to answer to a charge of receiving a deposit when he knew his bank to be insolvent. Kupp skipped to California last September and was captured there by the sheriff of the county. He was a banker for 20 years.

Killed by Lightning.
In a terrific storm the lightning struck the schoolhouse at Wauwesa. Roy Harrison, aged 16 years, sitting in an upper window, was paralyzed and had his clothing badly torn. Leo White, aged 14 years, in the door below, was instantly killed, and many other pupils were shocked.

The News Condensed.
Don Winters, of Sharon, was killed by the cars.
Mrs. E. C. Gowdy, widow of John Gowdy, died in Janesville, aged 80 years.
Louis Runkel, of Gillett, was found dead in his front yard. His death was caused by heart disease.

Edward Zwicky, of Oshkosh, was killed while trying to board a train.
Herman Glose, aged 40 years, committed suicide at Two Rivers by taking carbolic acid.
W. H. Hilton, a life insurance agent in Milwaukee, made an unsuccessful attempt to end his life by cutting his throat and left wrist.

Ernst Mohr, of Milwaukee, was killed by the cars.
Elias J. Hayner, a Rock county farmer and resident of Wisconsin since 1854, died at Janesville, aged 75 years.

William Vroman, an old resident of Madison, died, aged 73. He was treasurer of Union county four years.
Prof. O. C. Seelye, of Racine, has been elected superintendent of the La Porte (Ind.) public schools.

The attorney-general has taken steps to annul the charter of the Wisconsin electric medical college of Milwaukee, charging that no teachers are employed.
Over \$200 worth of damage was done to Ashland streets by a terrific rain-storm.

Mias Augusta Marquardt, of Mount Vernon, obtained a judgment against Louis Martin, of Mount Heron, for \$2,075 for breach of promise to marry.

A monument over the grave near Argyle of Patrick O'Sullivan, one of the men convicted of complicity in the Cronin murder, and who died in Joliet (Ill.) prison four years ago while serving a life sentence, was dedicated.
Charles K. McEachran, aged 50, died at Yorkville. He had lived in Racine county since 1815.

THE METHODISTS.

General Conference of the Church in Session in Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., May 2.—The most important matter of the Methodist conference, irrespective of the admission of women delegates, transpired yesterday when the 22 negro delegates met and decided that they would insist on the elevation to a bishopric of J. W. E. Bowen, D. D., Ph. D., professor of theology at Gannon school at Atlanta. The matter will be brought to a crisis on May 15, when the election of bishops, lay agents and editors will take place. The debate on the woman question was again heated, but no decision was reached.

Cleveland, O., May 8.—The Methodist general conference yesterday by a vote of 425 to 95 adopted the report of the committee on eligibility and referred the woman question back to the churches to be voted on again. The woman lay delegates, meanwhile, retain their seats in the conference.
Cleveland, O., May 9.—At the Methodist general conference yesterday it was recommended that the American flag fly from the steeple of every Methodist church in the country.
Cleveland, O., May 11.—Bishop Nide presided at Saturday morning's session of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. Mr. Lowthers, of Kansas, introduced a resolution asking that all Methodists be asked to abstain from using tobacco, and that no Sunday school teacher or Epworth league president or other officers be elected who used tobacco. Referred to committee on temperance.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Standing of Leading Clubs for the Week Ending May 10.

Following is the standing of the teams in the several leagues to date:	National League:	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Philadelphia	15	4	11	.577
Pittsburgh	14	5	9	.609
Cincinnati	13	6	7	.654
St. Louis	12	7	5	.706
Chicago	11	8	3	.778
Cleveland	10	9	1	.909
Brooklyn	9	10	1	.909
Washington	8	11	1	.909
St. Paul	7	12	1	.909
New York	6	13	1	.909
Louisville	5	14	1	.909
Western League:				
St. Paul	15	4	11	.577
Indianapolis	14	5	9	.609
Minneapolis	13	6	7	.654
St. Louis	12	7	5	.706
Columbus	11	8	3	.778
Grand Rapids	10	9	1	.909
Western Association:				
Des Moines	15	4	11	.577
Peoria	14	5	9	.609
Rockford	13	6	7	.654
Dubuque	12	7	5	.706
Quincy	11	8	3	.778
St. Joseph	10	9	1	.909
Cedar Rapids	9	10	1	.909

DENOTES CONFIDENCE.

Heavy Exports of Gold Cause No Financial Disturbance.
New York, May 9.—It G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say: "The exports of \$5,500,000 gold this week have produced no monetary disturbance, and this is at once proof of the soundness of financial conditions and of prevailing confidence in better things to come. It is not matter whether gold is required for Russia or anywhere else; it would not go from this, rather from other countries. If there were not balances to meet. Much of the hesitation at present is due to temporarily reduced demand in some industries, and in iron and steel, the power of the combinations to deliver generally tested by refusal of orders, so that production exceeds consumption, but the low consumption exceeds no buying. The general irregularity of prices and slackness of demand for finished products does not prevent the marking-up of prices to compare with the market. It is largely due to doubt whether such prices as are fixed can be maintained. Big iron is weaker at the east and also at Pittsburgh, tin steady and lead slightly lower, and American tin plate 2 cents below foreign.
"Futures for the week have been 25 in the United States, against 27 last year, and 25 in Canada, against 24 last year."

CAUSED TWO DEATHS.

Awful Result Attends the Burning of a Car of Oil.
Toledo, O., May 9.—A car of oil consigned to the Big Four railroad caught fire and exploded at Bellmore Friday morning, causing the death of William Cummins, aged 21, and William Longnecker, aged 30. The two men were attempting to quench the flames when the tank exploded. The oil came down like a rain of fire, and Cummins and Longnecker were frightfully burned. Cummins lived less than an hour. Longnecker died at noon. Both were married.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 11.			
LIVE STOCK—Steers	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2
Hogs	11 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
WHEAT—No. 3 Red	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
CORN—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
OATS—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
POPK—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
BARLEY—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
BUCKWHEAT—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Heavy	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2
CATTLE—Light	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2
HOGS—Light	11 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2
SHEEP—Heavy	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
WHEAT—No. 3 Red	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
CORN—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
OATS—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
POPK—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
BARLEY—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
BUCKWHEAT—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
MILWAUKEE.			
CATTLE—Heavy	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2
CATTLE—Light	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2
HOGS—Light	11 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2
SHEEP—Heavy	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
WHEAT—No. 3 Red	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
CORN—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
OATS—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
POPK—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
BARLEY—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
BUCKWHEAT—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
DETROIT.			
CATTLE—Heavy	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2
CATTLE—Light	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2
HOGS—Light	11 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2
SHEEP—Heavy	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
WHEAT—No. 3 Red	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
CORN—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
OATS—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
POPK—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
BARLEY—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
BUCKWHEAT—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Heavy	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2
CATTLE—Light	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2
HOGS—Light	11 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2
SHEEP—Heavy	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
WHEAT—No. 3 Red	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
CORN—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
OATS—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
POPK—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
BARLEY—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
BUCKWHEAT—No. 2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4

LOOKED MEER, BUT WASN'T.

How Old Mr. Graybeard Punched an Insulting Woman.

A gray-bearded man who appeared to be at least 65 years old stepped into an uptown Sixth avenue "L" train at Eighth street the other day. Taking a seat near the door, he adjusted his eyeglasses, unfolded a newspaper and began to read. The car was well filled, the majority of the passengers being women.

"Say, wot der yer want—all er der seats?" It was a brawny fellow next to the gray-bearded man who put this question, and there wasn't one in the car who didn't hear it. Everyone looked. Mr. Graybeard smiled and replied good-naturedly:

"My friend, I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to crowd you."
Then he went on reading his paper, drawing his arms closer to his side. His neighbor, however, was not amiable. He was a "tough." There was a "scrappy" look in his eye as he turned and looked his neighbor full in the face.

"People like you dat wants der cars' ought ter travel in a private car," he sneered. Mr. Graybeard did not seem to regard this as an allusion to himself, for he did not interrupt his reading.

"Mebbe yere der president o' der road?"
Up jumped Mr. Graybeard, not to attack his tormentor but to take a seat on the other side of the car. "Now," he said, "I hope you've got plenty of room."

The tough man made another insulting and threatening remark.
"Surely these men here will not allow that brute to strike that inoffensive old man," said a motherly looking woman. The men were all deeply interested in their newspapers or closely studying the signs to be seen through the car windows, all except one athletic looking young man, who held onto a strap not many yards away from Mr. Graybeard and Mr. Tough. He looked significantly at the woman and she returned a glance that was full of gratitude.

Mr. Tough leaned forward in his seat, shot out his arm, and, pointing a huge index finger at Mr. Graybeard, cried: "Say, I'm a gittin' out at Twenty-third street an' if yer want ter make anything out er dis all yer got ter do is git off wid me. I'll wipe der street wid you if you git off."

When the guard slammed back the door and called out the station Mr. Tough arose, and, snatching the paper from Mr. Graybeard's hands, he said:

"D-d if I don't tump yer now, you—"
The rest of what he said was drowned in a chorus of feminine shrieks. The train was at a standstill, and the athletic looking young man, his cheeks ablaze, was making his way toward Mr. Tough, when up popped Mr. Graybeard like a jack-in-the-box, out shot his right fist, it hit something and up against the end of the car went Mr. Tough.

The guard grabbed him and raked him out after him in an instant. "Bill! lang! bill! bill!" The blows fell fast and furious. Each one landed in a place and in a manner that did not add to Mr. Tough's beauty. That terrible person was so shocked by this sudden display of ungentlemanly conduct that he did not even raise his hands in protest. Behind was the athletic looking fellow, dancing up and down and shouting:

"Give it to him, old man. That was a dandy! Sock him again!"
And Mr. Graybeard never failed to follow the young man's advice. Finally, two guards got between Mr. Graybeard and Mr. Tough.

"The train is late," said one guard, apologetically. "If you want to give him some more, get off here."

"I guess he's got enough," said Mr. Graybeard, walking back into the car. Mr. Tough looked pained. His enormous hands were covered with blood he wiped from his face, and his hat was in the street. He offered no resistance as the guards pushed him off the car.

Mr. Graybeard sat down and resumed the reading of his paper. The athletic looking young man looked at him admiringly, and so did the woman. He folded his paper at Forty-second street and left the train.—N. Y. Herald.

FRESH FASHIONS.

The Latest Additions to Costumes for the Ladies.

The lemon-color cambric waists bound in black and white are effective enough to warrant all the favor they are receiving.
Black and white plaid sash ribbon with a warp-printed floral stripe was seen in pretty use as a turban crown. It was laid in plaits crosswise, two strips of straw braid crossing it in the center so that the ends of the ribbon flared out at either side with good effect.

The stiffer silks, the taffetas, Jacquards and chins and such fabrics are the most popular. The Persian patterns abound, but many of the flowered silks look as though they had been brought out of some old trunk, so quaint and old-fashioned are the designs.

Crepons have, of course, no longer the first place, but crepon is a material so pleasant to wear that it will be a long time before it is quite driven off the catalogue. The newest importations show a beauty of weave and a perfection of coloring that are hard to resist.

A toque with yellowish straw crown has a double puff of nasturtium velvet for finish. At the left is a long "ear" of the velvet, supported by white algrette, at the base of which is a large circular ornament of straw and pearls. At the right side and across the back are masses of violets and tulle yellow roses.—Chicago News.

Those Here Eating Others.
Mr. Haywood (in Chicago hotel): "What's them fat-looking glass bottles, Marier?"

Marier: "Mr. Haywood—I heard 'em called hand-grenades."
"Well, well! I knew the anarchists was pretty bad here, but I didn't know the hotels had to arm their guests against 'em."—N. Y. Weekly.

FOR COUNTRY'S SAKE.

An Indian Fighter Suffers Agonies from Disease.

He Was in the Battle with the Apaches When Gerónimo Was Captured.

From the Press, New York City.

Worn with the exposure of army life on the frontier, and poisoned by the continual drinking of alkali water, Joseph Flegat returned to Philadelphia eight years ago, broken down in health and unable to do any work.

He had served five years with the Ninth United States Infantry in a many a desperate fight with the Indians in Arizona and other frontier States and had won an enviable record. In the fierce conflict when Gerónimo, the famous chief of the Apaches, was captured, Mr. Flegat was among the brave soldiers who fought for everything but their lives, and it was his hand that laid the famous chief in the hostile Indian.

When he reached Philadelphia, the Indian fighter was sicker than skin and bones, and for three weeks lay in a desperate fight with the alkali water. Three symptoms were accompanied by bloody sweats, which no medicine seemed to relieve.

After two years of suffering, Mr. Flegat came to New York and was treated by several physicians. These did not agree. Some said his disease came from the stomach, and others chronic diarrhea.

In speaking to a reporter about his illness, Mr. Flegat said the doctors helped him, but with all the money he spent for advice and medicine he was unable to work any small part of the time. Since moving to his present home, No. 31 West Forty-second street, in New York, about a year ago, Mr. Flegat has been so ill that his voice and hearing almost left him.

Then all hopes of recovery. At this critical time Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were recommended to Mr. Flegat, and, almost as a last hope, he began taking them.

The beneficial effect of the medicine was felt almost at once. Flegat told the reporter, "and before I had taken a box I began to eat with relish. Three boxes made me so much better that I began work and have been able to keep it since, for five months."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a placebo. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. No great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all.

They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in bottles (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 70 cents a box or six boxes for \$3.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

BOOK LOVER.

Witty Retort of a Priest to a Vulgar and Ostentatious Paragon.

Concerning the celebrated Father Darcy, probably the greatest wit of that witty nation, Ireland, it is related, says the Milwaukee Journal, that he once visited the palatial mansion of a perfect specimen of the nouveau riches who lived in the neighborhood of Dublin at the invitation of its pompous owner. He was shown all over the house, his host taking great pains, as is habitual in such cases, to keep the witty and observant priest well informed as to the cost of all the beautiful things he was shown. Finally, after making the complete tour of the chateau, the library was reached, its tremendous shelves groaning under the weight of thousands upon thousands of volumes, resplendent in the most magnificent bindings. Here they seated themselves, and the host said, with a sigh of noblish exultation:

"Well, father, I have brought you here last because this is my favorite room. The other rooms maybe give pleasure to my wife and my daughters, but this is my place—right here among these books, who are my friends. And these here on the desk (pointing to a score of ultra-looking volumes), are what I may call my intimate friends."

Father Darcy got up and examined one of them, when a broad grin spread over his good-natured face, as he said: "Well, it's glad I am to see that you never cut your intimate friends."

Rash Promise.

A story is told of a London magistrate who had a London lady up before him the day after Christmas whom the policeman said he had found helplessly tipsy. He told her he would let her go, considering the festive season, if she would promise never to enter a public house again. "But, your honor," said the lady, "I was not drunk; I was drugged." "Well," said the magistrate, who saw that she was fencing, "I'll let you go if you will promise never to enter a drug store again." To save the fine she promised and departed. All her soda water is gone.

Eye Changes Position.

It is not generally known that the young flat fish have an eye on each side of the body, and that it is only in the adult stage that the eyes are both on one side. There has been much discussion among scientific men as to the mode in which the change takes place, but in the founder the eye has been observed to travel over the ridge of the head, while in some other fish it passes directly through the soft tissue of the young fish to the other side.

Another Farmer's Lands in South Dakota Along the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway can now be had upon reasonable terms. The crop prospects were never better and a glorious harvest for this year is already assured. Thousands of acres of uncultivated lands in over twenty counties are now open for settlement. For further information address J. P. HERRIN, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, No. 225 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Let not mirth be thy profession, lest thou become a male-stork. He that hath but gained the title of a jester, let him assure himself the fool is not far off.—Quarles.

The Significance of a Gray Overcoat
Upon the tongue, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, rawness and tenderness to the touch of the ribs and shoulder blades, is the result of these discomforts is bilious. The "proper cure" under such circumstances is to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures chills and fever, constipation, rheumatism and kidney complaints and nervousness.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; no matter what treatment is resorted to, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Free Government Land.
The only large body of free government land suitable for raising wheat or other crops, open to settlement under the Homestead Law, lies in the Turtle Mountain country of North Dakota. Close to timber, markets, schools and churches. Improved farms also to be had on the crop payment plan. Interested settlers are invited to correspond with F. L. Thompson, Canada, N. D.

Max carries under his hat a private theater, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.—Caryle.

St. Louis

Is one of our largest and most attractive cities. A good time to visit it is at the time of the Republican Convention in June, or the People's Party Convention in July. The Burlington Route is the best line. Your home ticket agent can tell you all about it and sell you a ticket via the "Burlington."

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals; and to have a service for others governs our manners.—Bierce.

Others stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fit after first dose. Marvelous cures. Irritable and Neuralgic free. Dr. Kline, 311 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Law entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Dr. Kline's Cure for Consumption.—LAWSON LINDSAY, Methuen, Mass., Jan. 5, '94.

Richest do not exultate us so much with their possessions as they torment us with their loss.—Gregory.

A sentence, well couched, takes both the sense and the understanding.—Fellham.

CLARK & LENNON - Builders' and Lumbermen's Hardware!

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and subscribe for a local paper in the first place to have knowledge of all official appointments and also to learn of happenings in the immediate neighborhood, but should not neglect to also read a paper.

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C. M. CHAMBERS, Act.

Notes from our Agricultural College. (See Prof. W. A. ZENY, MADISON, WIS.) CONCERNING KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS.

Do Wisconsin farmers know and realize that what they commonly call "June grass" is the same plant that in Kentucky's boasted pastures goes under the name of "blue grass"? When visiting Ashland, the Henry Clay homestead, near Lexington, to study its live stock, I gave the closest attention to the sod grass of the pastures; getting down on my knees I examined the turf to compare it with that which so freely covers Wisconsin pastures and road sides, and was not able to discover any superiority for the Kentucky product, either in density of growth or in any other way. What we call "June grass" in Wisconsin is identical, botanically, with Kentucky blue grass, and since it grows just as freely here, why should we not give it the more aristocratic name? Would not every acre of Wisconsin's pasture lands be worth more in the minds of her farmers at least, and would they not take more pride in them if the carpet which covers them so green to-day were called Kentucky blue grass instead of plain "June grass"? Kentucky blue grass grows everywhere in our state with a freedom and tenacity which is simply surprising. It is the only grass of this region which forms a sod so dense that it can be cut and rolled up like a carpet. Even the severe droughts which some times afflict us cannot utterly destroy it, for though it may be brown and look entirely dead, the first good rain fall works a magical change and it greens almost in a night time, and springs forward to please the eye and nourish the cattle with a rapidity and vigor which is simply marvelous.

I wish particularly at this time to call the attention of our farmers to the peculiar habits of growth of Kentucky blue grass, and draw a most important lesson therefrom. All through May and into June this grass grows rapidly and usually supplies more feed than the farmer has cattle to consume. So luxuriant is the growth that often as the farmer walks over his pastures during the last half of May he is apt to wish for more live stock to consume the over-abundant forage everywhere so evident. A few weeks later, however, when he makes the same round, (and what farmer does not enjoy these frequent tours of inspection over his domain) he notes that the grass has almost ceased growing, so that by midsummer the excess of the earlier date has been cropped off and the ground shows bare and even brown. Our blue grass plants are not dead nor even dying, but they have exhausted their energies and have entered a necessary period of rest, which lasts all through the latter part of July, August and even into September. During this period comes hard times with the cattle, for now not only are the fields quite bare of provender, but the sun is almost blistering hot and the blood-sucking insects most annoying. The sheep seek the shade, holding their noses close to the earth, and frequently stamping to drive away the flies, the fattening cattle and young things show no increase in weight, and the dairy cows scantily feed and much fretted shrink greatly in their milk flow. Our farmer, who only a few weeks before was wishing for more cattle to consume the extra growth of grass, now wishes he had larger areas of pasture, and regretfully realizes that he is losing money every day because his stock is not properly fed. Along in September with the cooler weather and increased rain fall the blue grass fields show their rich green again, the food becomes more abundant and normal conditions once more prevail. PROVIDE FORAGE TO MAKE UP FOR THE DEFICIENCY IN THE PASTURES.

While every farmer has each year observed just what is above described, too few of them provide for the deficiency as they should. We have all come to think that after we

have fed our stock for six months in winter, they should at least shift for themselves the other half of the year; is it profitable to let farm stock go hungry at any time, and why should cattle suffer for food in summer any more than in winter? I urge upon every farmer reader of these notes to at once make ample provision against the shortage above described by supplying some kind of forage easily raised.

Fall sown rye is the first plant which provides green food for spring use, and is already large enough for cutting at this time. Next to rye comes the oat plant, which if cut just before heading or shortly after gives valuable forage. By June red clover is large enough to cut for soiling cattle, and furnishes excellent food. These plants usually come, however, before the blue grass pastures have given out and so are not particularly needed by farmers who have the usual area of pasture land. A great plant for helping over mid-summer shortage is Indian corn, and I wish particularly to call attention at this time to its great merits. Every farmer who wishes to get the most from his stock, should plant one acre of early Minnesota sweet corn or some other early variety for each ten cows or their equal of stock on his farm. This corn will be ready for feeding early in August. Another acre of Stowell's evergreen sweet corn or some good variety of field corn should be planted for every ten head of stock to be fed after that first planted has been used up. Plant this corn in some field convenient to the stable or to the pasture where it may be spread out on the sod for feeding. A load should be drawn each day, and as much given to the cattle as they will consume without waste.

If some stranger should come to Wisconsin and offer our farmers a means of paying all their state taxes without trouble to them, he would be considered a great benefactor; let them know that if they will only provide forage corn in the way described above for their stock, they will save more than their taxes in preventing a great shrinking in milk flow and in failure to gain flesh, which comes to all our stock in mid-summer. The aggregate loss to Wisconsin's creameries and cheese factories through this mid-summer shrinkage amounts to one or two million dollars each year, a large part of which may be saved by a little foresight and proper preparation.

It is now time to plant corn in the southern part of our state for the purpose above described. Let us not expect the blue grass of our pastures to furnish a constant and proper supply of forage for our cattle during the whole summer season, but prepare to make up the shortage which will surely come by having on hand a goodly supply of green fodder corn. The farmer who cannot secure the seed of sweet corn need not be discouraged, but will be greatly pleased with any variety of early growing field corn. It is not so much a matter of variety as that of having a liberal supply of some kind of feed when needed.

Low Rates to Racine.

On account of the annual meeting of the German Catholic Benevolent Societies at Racine, Wis., the North-Western Line will, on May 21 and 25, sell excursion tickets at very low rates, good returning until May 28, 1906, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents (Chicago & North-Western R'y. 21-m7-14)

Those desirous of purchasing patent stoppered bottles for Root Beer can obtain the same at reasonable prices by applying to Arthur Taylor at Rhinelander Bottling Works. 11.

Extra nice Creamery Butter in small tubs (about 13 lbs.) 6c 22 cents lb. retail 22 cents lb. at Keebler's.

Dr. ADDISON J. FROVOST, Specialist in Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Spectacles adjusted. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Charges Moderate. Office over Kline & Kline's Drug Store, MERILL, WIS.

IN COUNTY COURT, OUIDA COUNTY.

Letters of administration having been filed and to Catherine Diller on the estate of Nicholas Diller, late of Ouidia County, deceased.

It is ordered that the time until and including the first Tuesday of November, 1906, be and hereby is allowed for the creditors of said Nicholas Diller, deceased, to present their claims for examination and allowance.

It is further ordered, that all claims and demands against the said Nicholas Diller, deceased, be received, examined and adjusted by the Court at its office in the County of Ouidia, in the City of Rhinelander, in said County, at the regular term thereof to be held on the first Tuesday of December, 1906.

It is further ordered, that notice of the time and place at which such claims and demands will be received, examined and adjusted, as aforesaid, and of the time hereby limited for creditors to present their claims, be given by publication of this order and notice for four successive weeks, once in each week, in the New North, a weekly newspaper, published in the City of Rhinelander, in said County, the first publication to be within ten days from the date hereof. Dated April 20, 1906. J. W. McFARLANE, County Judge.

Look This Over.

Don't Buy Dry Goods until you look over the stock at Irvin Gray's. Special inducements are being offered to increase May sales. Note the following bargains:

- Full Standard Dress Prints.....3 1/2c.
- L. L. Cottons.....3 1/4c.
- Cotton Challies, worth 5c at.....3c.
- Ladies' Cotton Vests.....3c.
- Good Towels, 18x36, at.....7 1/2c.
- Better Quality Towels, 18x36, at.....10c.
- White Bed Spreads, worth 75c at.....55c.

Ladies' Capes at Reduced Prices.

We have a few choice ones left and offer them at fabulously low prices to sell them before the season is over.

The Finest Assortment of CARPETS in the city and at the Lowest of Prices.

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Good Pants, Lots of Them, and Cheap.

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A RECONCILIATION.

The fog that had prevailed during the early hours of the morning disappeared before the bright rays of the sun as it arose above the mountains. We had a clear view of the Juniper from the point a mile above us, where it surged around a little bluff, crowned with a clump of budding trees, until it lost again in a gap in the dark, green ridges a mile below. At our feet rushed the swollen river, which the heavy rains that had deluged the country during the week previous had transformed from a peaceful little stream into an angry flood, so that it stretched out its arms, and despoiled many a rich farm and laborer's home. Now it was tearing its booty on its broad, turbulent bosom to the valleys below, there to cast it aside. On the day before a barn, with frightened fowl perched high upon its peaked roof, had floated by the spot where Sam Soper and I were standing; several small frame houses, corn cribs and other rickety farm buildings had gone to pieces, and were floating along on the swift current; great trees, uprooted by the greedy waters, barrels, boxes and household furniture had been seen. To-day the flood was ebbing; its strength was gone; the rains had ceased, and for the first time after many days we could see the sun overhead.

I gazed from the river into the face of the man at my side.

"I guess, Sam, we will not see any more houses go by," I said; "nothing but barrels and such uninteresting objects. I suppose, though, they will be of use to the people below."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, as Pete Siders says," he replied, solemnly. "The folks up the valley'll miss them barrels and things, but they'll come handy to them below as ketches 'em."

I laughed.

"It is easy for you to argue in this manner, for you are one of the fortunate ones, unless some one claims that rocking chair that you rescued from drowning."

A faint smile passed over Soper's face. It was quickly gone, and his countenance resumed its habitual stolid look.

He replied, somewhat gruffly:

"If a feller don't seize his opportunity, it won't seize him." He hesitated, and then added: "He Pete Siders says."

"Tell me," I cried, "who is this oracle of yours whom you are forever quoting?"

For during my few days' acquaintance with the rough fellow at my side I had been struck by the fact that he frequently made use of ancient adages, the credit for the invention of which was always given to the mysterious Siders.

I seated myself upon a stump and awaited his reply. He was a crude, rather stupid-looking man, clad in a rough garb that betokened his rural environment—a ragged cloth cap, a heavy, well-patched suit, which had once been of gray material, a collarless shirt and high boots. His hair had been close-cropped a few days before, in token of the coming of summer, and his unkempt black beard stood out in bold contrast to his seeming badness. His nose was narrow, long and hooked, and his eyes were deep-set beneath shaggy brows.

After a long pause he replied to my question in a drawing tone, and with the manner of a man perfectly convinced of the truth of what he said:

"If you was as much in your head as Pete Siders is in his little finger, you'd be a smart man."

"But who is he?" I exclaimed. "I have visited this valley yearly since I was a boy, yet I never heard of him. He does not live hereabouts, does he?"

Soper seated himself beside me and replied:

"No, he don't. He lives up the valley across the river. I use to live near him, tell me an' him he'd work an' fell out. You see, Pete he was wonderful smart, an' I was no match for him. My place almost fished him, an' he married my sister. He knowed a heap, did Pete, an' he'd read most of the books they is. You uns 'd hev enjoyed talkin' to him. You would, fer he'd traveled a lot in his younger days, an' he'd got education. An' at music, he'd got it. I kin feel that old fiddle of his an' goin' thoo me yit. It jist made you all blue when he played sorrowful pieces. He tho't a heap of that fiddle, he did. All but I tell you they is few men like Pete Siders."

"How did you ever happen to part with this paragon, Sam?" I asked.

"Paragon," he repeated, sadly. "I never heard him called that. Maybe he was one, fer he was most everything. How did he hev words. Haws; jist in few haws done it. Sometimes I think it was my fault, an' on them days when I tow I'm to blame I allus intend to go over to his place an' make up. But I've never been able to git off at them times; an' when I kin git off I allus blame Pete an' callate he kin come to see me."

"It must have been a very serious trouble," said I.

"Haws," he replied, "Nawthin' but a few mean pigs. You see I was livin' up there three summers ago. I made arrangements with Hiram Bender, who had a farm close by my place, fer him to let me hev three young haws in September. I 'tended to fatten 'em up an' butcher 'em when it come cold. One day, in cornshuck time, I goes over to Hiram's to git 'em. When I ast him fer 'em, he looks at me surprised like, an' says, 'Why, Sam, Pete Siders got them pigs. He tol' me you sayd he was to git 'em.' He tol' me you sayd he was to git 'em fer his hevins' helped you three days in the woods last winter. I was jist knowed. I knowed Pete was hard up, fer he'd kinder be'n layin' off all summer, but I never tho't of that. I never let on to Hiram, but jist went right over to Pete's place. I found that he'd gone an' killed them beasts, an' turned 'em into butcherin'."

When

THE ANCESTRAL CRAZE.

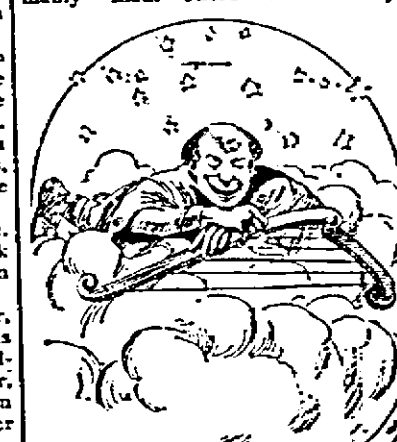
It Has a Strong Hold on Society in the National Capital.

A Folly That Should Be Checked by Plain and Vigorous Public Opinion—This Country Has No Use for Hereditary Aristocracy.

[Special Washington Letter.]

With satire sublime the poet, Saxe, referred with laughter, jeers and sneers at the pretensions of a peculiar class of people, saying that the rottenest thing on the whole earth is American aristocracy.

Saxe was a satirist, a wit, a rhymist, a philosopher and a keen observer of affairs. He never wrote a line for the public without due consideration, and his works will stand forever as a monument to the memory of a man; a most manly man. There was virility,



"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

strength, power, pathos and tenderness in every thought that was given by him to the people who loved him in life and who revere him because of his works.

But John G. Saxe never dreamed that American aristocracy and aristocrats could leap all bounds and barriers of common sense as they are hopping over them now. He could not foresee the daughters of the American Revolution. He could not anticipate the Colonial Dames. He could not telepathically and clairvoyantly prognosticate the descendants of the Mayflower. Oh! if Saxe could only have known that these great American families would ever spring into existence, what a grilling he would have given them. How he would have boasted them. How he would have boasted them. But, fortunately, Saxe has dropped his pen forever, and men of less pretentious literary acquirements must pay some attention to them in a tender, loving and Christian spirit. That is one of my missions, and the American aristocracy of the national capital shall have the benefit of some time and tuncful mention in these columns.

The plain people of this country can stand it to read of thousands of dollars expended for flowers and wines at dinner parties in the larger cities. They can blindly believe that such proceedings are necessary in city society. They can hope that society will improve as the Gospel takes possession of the hearts and souls of society women, but they will not be able to understand why it is necessary for these people to demonstrate their antiquity of ancestry, nor their kinship with men and women who did something for the world.

Of course, everybody is glad that John Randolph, of Roanoke, was such an orator and statesman; but nobody can understand why the entire Randolph family of to-day should strut and plume itself on the work of the said John Randolph, of Roanoke.

I had an ancestor on the staff of George Washington; but that does not make my newspaper writing valuable. The old man was a good soldier. He fought for his country. He served the republic. He drew up his feet and was gathered unto his fathers. He did his duty while on earth, and that is all there is of it. I do not see why I should join an aristocratic society of Sons of the American Revolution on account of what that good man did. There is no bread and butter in it for me; and the ancestry business will not pass current at the butcher's, the baker's or any other business place where supplies are to be had for the table.

While Alfred Tennyson was in the vigor of manhood, he wrote many things, but when he approached his dotage he became effeminate and lapsed into a lordship. It was he who wrote: "From our blue heavens above us lent The golden scepter, Adam, and his wife, Sate at the claims of long descent." Adam and Eve were not sent forth from the womb of the universe to found a race of aristocrats. They who look back to an ancestry of 100, 200 or 300 years, might as well trace their lineage back to the families of the old world, and then keep on tracing it back to the garden of Eden, whence all of us came. When these proud Sons of the American Revolution get back to Adam, they will find that they are descended from a coward, who tried to hide his faults by laying them upon a woman. No wonder Adam should be pictured as smiling at the claims of long descent. He must see from his present abode that better men than he have come upon the scene of action and passed away, for the world is growing better all the time.

We have in Washington a society of Colonial Dames. These ladies know nothing of the kitchen piano, commonly called a washboard. They never churned butter or milked cows. Probably the original colonial dames, who suffered during the revolution while their husbands and sons were with Washington, milked the cows and churned butter and spun flax and wore cloth. But these gentle ladies would be shocked if such facts were now presented to them.

We have a society of Daughters of the Revolution, and they are forming an exclusive aristocratic set in this capital city of the republic; right here at the seat of the government of the people, for the people and by the people. Are they better, more refined, more virtuous, more commendable than the women of the farm and fireside who darn stockings, sew on buttons and patch the boys' trousers? At any rate they think so, and their assumptions are becoming flagrantly annoying to plain work-a-day men and women who pay their debts and say their prayers at home and in church.

A society is being formed in New England composed exclusively of descendants of the Mayflower. These gentle ladies are tracing their lineage to the foundation of the new world, and are proud of being descended from the people who burned witches. The society of the sturdy yeomanry of modern New England consists of better men and women than those who came over in the Mayflower. This is not said in disparagement of the Mayflower people. They were good in their day and generation. But the world is growing more intelligent, and better every way. Of the Mayflower people it may be said as it is said of Samson. That terrible fellow was a butcher of thousands, and fell because of his association with an evil woman. But he was the best man of his age, and was trying to serve God according to his limited light. Nobody wants to trace ancestry to Samson. Why should anyone want to trace ancestry to the witch burners?

It seems that when men and women accumulate wealth and do not have to earn their daily bread, they assume virtues which they do not possess. Then they fall victims to the delusions which bring in their train a desire to demonstrate superior ancestry. Jay Gould was never such a fool. He was too busy. Cornelius Vanderbilt never had time to make a family tree. Abraham Lincoln never sought to establish a lineage of lordlings. He was too big a man to look for bigger in the former Lincoln. The search of ancestry is usually carried on by small people, who thereby acknowledge their own insignificance by seeking a superior ancestry.

Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Wolsey, Cromwell, Washington—those men sought no ancestral strength to bolster them up and add to their laurels. Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, Campbell did not "point with pride" to ancestors who had done something. They were too busy doing and achieving things to engage in such nonsense. Instead of being proud of their families they were making their families proud of them.

The best family tree that I ever saw was printed many years ago by Josh Billings. He said that inasmuch as other people were having family trees he had looked up his own, and found it to consist of a pair of upright wooden pillars with a cross-tree over them, and a rope dangling down. He said that out of respect to the lamented deceased he would not give particulars of their achievements. He added: "This is sarcasm."

In a comic opera, which was popular a few years ago, there was a major general who purchased an ancient castle, and said that he had bought his ancestors with the property. That also was sarcasm, and the people who heard the opera enjoyed it. The fact of the matter is, that these descendants of the Mayflower, Colonial Dames, and other ancestral societies do not need ancestry so much as they need good hard work.

If the millionaires and money kings in other cities have time and inclination for nothing better, for themselves and the ladies of their families, let them spend their exertions in proving superior ancestry. But here in the national capital, such proceedings are out of place. The society leaders of to-day will soon pass away. Their husbands will not remain in congress, nor in the executive departments. They will go out of office, and become claim agents or lobbyists, just as their predecessors have done. We can endure an occasional epidemic of American aristocracy better anywhere else than in this city.

Unless this folly is checked by plain and vigorous public opinion, we shall have another race before our grand-children are grown: a race of champions who will form societies of the Daughters of the Civil War. And many of them will be descendants of deserters and bounty-jumpers, settlers or camp-followers. The men who fought between 1861 and 1865 were not fighting to establish an ancestry of idiots. They were fighting to preserve the union.

The men of the south were not fighting to set up an ancestry of lazaroni. They believed that they were establishing a new republic. Their descendants must not establish an Order of Jefferson Davis; or a Society of Robert E. Lee. Such things look all the more ridiculous when we put them in the future. They are had enough in the present. Let us be done with them.

SMITH D. FAY.

The Considerate Brother.

"Here, Johnnie, what do you mean by taking Fannie's cake away from her?" Johnnie Chaffee—But, ma, didn't you always tell me that I must take my sister's part?"—Texas Sifter.

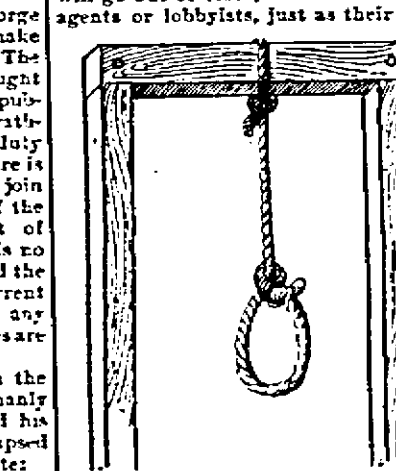
His Exclusionary.

"You don't read novels as much as you used to, Mr. Beverly."

"No, there are so few women in fiction nowadays that are fit to associate with."

—Chicago Record.

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JOHN BILLINGS' FAMILY TREE.

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DAGOBERT'S MISTAKE.

The Man with the Ginger Beard Tells His Grocer a Story.

"I see in the paper a story about a feller talkin' to his dog a couple of hundred miles away on a telephone, and the dog recognizin' his voice," said the man with the ginger beard. "I'll bet it was true, too; 'cause I tried it on my dog Dagobert once and got him into a heap of trouble."

"How was that?" asked the grocer.

"Dog wasn't fool enough to believe what you told him, I hope?"

"It was this way," said the man with the ginger beard, ignoring as usual, the grocer's attempt at sarcasm. "I was in Springfield, O., and I telephoned to the dog, and the dog barked back in the way he allers do, when he wants to say he's glad to see me. 'Come here to me,' says I, jist in fun. 'I'm here in Springfield,' it kinder puzzled me a little when he barked 'all right,' but I had a lot of business to 'tend to an' forgot all about it. I came home the next day, an' the first thing my wife says to me, she says, 'what on earth did you say to Dagobert?' As soon as he heard your voice he jumped down from the telephone, and we see him grab up a piece of paper in his mouth, and we didn't saw him since." What do you suppose that there dog done?"

"Oh, he went to Springfield, of course," said the grocer, with fine scorn. "If I couldn't tell no better dog story than that I'd quit."

"Yas, he went to Springfield all right," said the man with the ginger beard, "but he went to Springfield, Ill."

"How do you know he did?" asked the man from Potato Creek. "Anybody know the dog there?"

"No, they didn't know the dog there," said the man with the ginger beard, "but that there piece of paper my wife seen him carry off was an old in-tellog with my name and address on it, which he took it to the telephone office there and handed it to the boss and the boss sent it to me describin' the dog, and then, of course, I telephoned fer him to come home."

"I wonder," said the grocer, as the man with the ginger beard rode away, "I wonder if that ole Apianus ever did own a dog?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WHY HIS WIFE WAS NOT THERE.

The Man in the Dress Suit Becomes Confidential in Explaining Matters.

"Why isn't your wife here?" asked the floor manager, as he stopped for a moment to chat with the man in the shabby dress suit.

"Why—ah—the—ah—the—fact is she never goes to these full-dress affairs," explained the man in the shabby dress suit.

"Now you speak of it," said the floor manager, "I am reminded of the fact that I never did see her at one of our dances."

"Quite right," replied the man in the shabby dress suit, with evident relief. "She never attends them."

"But, on the other hand," continued the floor manager, "she always attends the informal entertainments, while I don't recall that I ever saw you at one of them."

"That's right, too," admitted the man in the shabby dress suit, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. "You see, we were lacking in foresight this year, and it has been rather awkward, but next year we expect to appear together again."

The floor manager looked puzzled and the man in the shabby dress suit appeared ill at ease.

"I don't believe I quite understand," said the floor manager, at last.

"No."

"No."

The man in the shabby dress suit pulled the floor manager a little to one side, where they couldn't be overheard.

"My wife thinks we ought to be represented in society," he said, "but we made an error in our plans. We could only afford one suit for each of us, and she got a gown for afternoon teas and such things, while I bought a dress suit. Her gown is out of place where I can wear my suit, and I can't wear my suit where her gown is the proper paper. We must make the best of it this year, but next year we intend to try to get into the same class."—Chicago Post.

Apples with Sausage.

Shape the sausage meat into thin, round patties, as large in circumference as the apples to be cooked and arrange the patties in a frying pan. Wipe the apples and remove their stems and cut them in halves crosswise, without removing the cores. Place the cut side of each half upon a patty of sausage, cover the pan closely and place it on that part of the stove where its contents will cook with moderate rapidity. In 15 minutes uncover the pan, lift out each piece of apple, turn the patty of sausage over and replace the apple. Cover the frying pan once more, and when the apples are done the sausages will also have cooked long enough. Lift out the apples and sausages together, arrange in an orderly way on a hot platter and serve. This dish is very attractive in appearance, and the acid of the apples not only improves the taste of the sausage, but also makes it more wholesome. — Boston Globe.

Get Confused.

The mother of a family showed the ticket collector on the railway a couple of half-fare tickets for her two children. The official, after looking at her doubtfully, said:

"How old are they?"

"They are only six, and they are twins."

"Ah! Then, after a moment's pause, the man inquired: 'And where were they born?'"

"This one was born in London and the other in Brighton."—London Fun.

Silencing the Bawling Alarm.

First Burglar—Got your chloroform ready?

Second Burglar—Yes. Dope the old man first, I suppose?

"Not on your life. The baby first."—Detroit Tribune.

PITH AND POINT.

—A Simple Method.—"I'd give anything in the world to get rid of that dog." "Is that so? Well, try putting a \$30 collar on him."—Chicago Record.

—Turning the Tables.—"How little originality these men have," she pouted. "What's the matter?" They are getting so they wear bicycle costumes almost exactly like ours."—Detroit Free Press.

—How large were the diamonds? asked the press agent, pausing in the writing of the account for publication. "About as large as chestnuts," confessed the actress, unwittingly. — Minneapolis Times.

—Mistress (sharply).—"You should have told me, Rose, that you had broken my Venus."—Rose.—"Yes, miss, but owing both the arms was gone I didn't think you'd mind so much about the head."—Brooklyn Life.

—A Blessing.—"Pinxit." "I hear about Smeers? He has been suffering with the St. Vitus dance for more than a week." "D'Aubrey." "Lucky dog! He can turn out posters to perfection now, can't he?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Jimson (engaging a cook in his wife's absence).—"Yes, you will suit. Come next Wednesday. By the way, what's your name?" Cook—"Mary, sir." Jimson—"If that's unfortunate. My wife's name is Mary." Cook—"Oh, then, call me Daisy."—Titbits.

—I always let my daughters have their say about the color of the lamp shades and the arrangement of the doilies," said a sensible Atchison mother. "I find, as a result, they are not in such a hurry to get married. The foundation of most girls' desire to marry is to live in a house where they can have their own way about the lamp shades and doilies."—Atchison Globe.

INSECT PESTS.

Black Ants and Cockroaches in Guatemala at the Coming of the Rain.

At the coming of the rain in Guatemala the small black ants are everywhere. They come into the rooms and get upon our dining table, even though its legs are placed in cans of kerosene oil. A chair will provide a suitable gangway, or they will even run over your clothes as you sit at dinner. They even get into our beds, and we wake up at night and find hundreds of these tiny creatures crawling over us and giving us vicious bites here and there. Then the baby cries in the next room, and its nurse wakes up to find the little pests running over its face and sucking the moisture from its eyelids. The child wakes up and rubs the part with its flat, to be rewarded with sundry bites on his delicate skin. Or perhaps one of them has got into his ear, and the child screams with all his might; then the mother or nurse has much ado with a syringe and oil before silence is again restored.

Now come the cockroaches. Not that they have ever been entirely wanting, but as long as the weather was dry they could hide under heaps of dead leaves or about the roots of trees in the garden. Routed from these snug quarters, they appear in great numbers, flying into the open sitting-rooms, and perhaps making a lady scream out with disgust as one of them sprays on her dress. Their object is to hide themselves as soon as possible, no matter where, and female drapery is very convenient. Like the ants, these stinking creatures invade our bedrooms, and a newcomer is warned not to sleep with his mouth open, for he might wake to find one exploring the cavity. Those who have lived in the tropics for any length of time can hardly escape tasting the cockroach. Now and then they run over our dishes and leave their taste and smell behind, while occasionally one gets into the flour barrel and spoils your cake or pudding. We have seen bits of their carcasses in our bread, and have had to reject a roll altogether from such a cause.

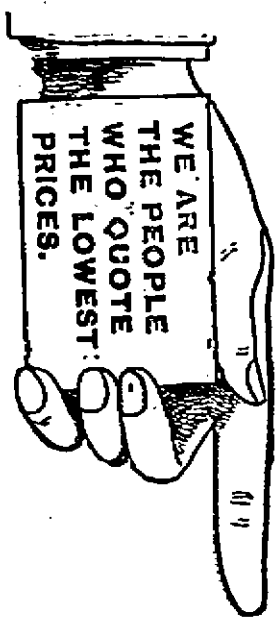
Now that the ground is well soaked, the wood ants or termites begin to swarm. They fly for a little while, but quickly get rid of their wings, to crawl into the chinks and crannies of the floor, between the covers of books and in fact everywhere. They litter the table with their cast-off wings, and if not looked after will do serious damage in a few days. Furniture is bored with holes, books are excavated to provide nests, and the house itself becomes ultimately little more than a home for wood ants. — James R. Wray, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Aluminum Coffins.

Aluminum coffins are the latest, and the New York, Pittsburgh and St. Louis undertakers carry them in stock. They are made of uniform width, square ends and vertical sides and ends, such being the accepted shape of the modern burial casket. They are finished with a heavy molding around the bottom and at the upper edge, and with pilasters at the corners and with a round molded top. They are provided with extension handle bars. Aluminum caskets are not covered, but finished with a metal surface burnished. They are lined in the same manner. The noncorrosive qualities of aluminum, as well as the lightness of the caskets, recommend them. A six-foot aluminum coffin weighs but 100 pounds; an oak casket of the same size 190 pounds; a cloth casket with metal lining about 175 pounds. Other metallic caskets weigh from 350 to 500 pounds. Aluminum coffins are not likely to become popular among the poor, as their cost ranges from \$300 to \$750. — N. Y. World.

Marine and Land Engines.

It is often a matter of wonder how a marine engine attained an efficiency greater than those on land can be made in so simple a form and contain only one-half as many pieces. The answer is found mainly in the fact that the resistance to marine engines is constant and uniform, or nearly so, and they can, for this reason, dispense with speed-regulating gearing which causes most of the complications in land engines. The governor, trip-gearing, cushioning apparatus and so on in what calls for so many pieces. — Chicago Chronicle.



Boys' elegant wash suits at 47 cents each. Much higher prices are asked elsewhere.

Ladies' straw hats at 25 cts. each. You know what your milliner asks for the same hats.

Ladies' shirt waists at 49 cts that are unequalled in quality.

Men's summer underwear at 29 cts. each. Your friends paid forty-five cents for same goods at auction.

Men's white laundered shirts at 49 cents each. Some merchants have the nerve to ask you one dollar for same goods.

L. L. Sheeting, the very best quality, at 4 cts. per yard. What did you pay for that you bought the other day?

Men's straw hats at 25 and 50 cents each. You can see the same hats in other stores at fifty cents and one dollar each.

Men's stockings 4 pairs for 25 cents. We give you one more pair than anyone else for the same money.

Tennis shoes at 69 cts. per pair. The difference between our guarantee and the other fellow's is simply your money back if you are not satisfied.

Ladies' new 20th century boot at \$3.50. They are better than anything you ever saw for \$4.50.

Boys' stockings that can't be beat for wear at 20 cts. per pair. You will have to do lots of looking to match them for thirty-five cents.

Our One Seam hose for ladies at 25 cents per pair is the talk of the town. There never was anything shown that could be compared to it in quality.

Men's working shirts at 25 and 35 cents each, are the envy of our competitors who are trying to get 50 and 75 cents for shirts not as good.

Ladies' popular Oxfords at \$1.65 per pair, every pair guaranteed, and worth two dollars.

Ladies' belts at 10 and 25 c. Your jeweler asks you twenty-five and fifty c. for the buckles.

Ladies' silk mitts at 25 c. per pair. You would call them cheap at fifty at some closing out sale.

Men's extra fine silk neckties, at 25 cts. Some of our haberdashers say we are selling them at a loss, but you don't care.

The very best four-ply linen collars at 10 cts. each. Did you not pay twenty cents for the collar you have on?

Men's light summer coats at 49 cts. You cannot afford to suffer with the heat of summer when good coats are so cheap.

Umbrellas at 50 cts. If you wait until a rainy day and do not buy of us you will have to pay one dollar for the same goods.

Men's working pants at 50 cts. You can get the same elsewhere if you have ninety cents.

Cash Department Store.
Rhineland.

CLIMATE AND COMPLEXION.

Does the Color of the Skin Vary Upon Meteorological Conditions?

The Egyptian has remained white notwithstanding a constant mixture with the black Nubians. The people who live in the dry section of the Nubian desert have a red skin. Other races that are brown or that vary from a white to a chamois color also live in dry country. The Abyssinians, however, in whose country the plateaus are well irrigated, are blacker. The blackest negroes in Africa are those who live in Guinea, where the greatest amount of rain falls. In Asia, says the writer, it is the same as in India. There is a close relation between the fall of rain and the color of the people. The more moist the climate is, the darker the skin of the natives. As one goes up the Ganges the climate becomes drier and the skin of the natives whiter. The Bengalese are black, but the Sikhs and the Rajpoots are of a dead white color.

In America it is the same. The Brazilians are generally darker than the inhabitants of the Andes. The Portuguese, who come from a rainy country, settled in Brazil, while the Spaniards inhabit the Andes and the dry La Plata section. Spain is very dry as compared with Portugal, and the Portuguese in Europe have the darkest skins of all Europeans. Heat, light and humidity, says the writer, are, then, all causes of pigmentation. In dealing with these three causes the question of pigmentation of the skin is alone, and their relative influence, he says, is a very complicated one. For instance, persons inhabiting a mountainous district, where the climate is cooler, have a lighter skin than those who live on the plains, although it has been seen that the Abyssinians are an exception to the rule. The native of Abyssinia is darker on the plateaus and lighter on the plains.

In Peru the inhabitants on the coast have a lighter skin than those on the mountains. D'Orbigny observed that in America in the impenetrable forests the savages were lighter; the darkness evidently prevented pigmentation. What, asks the writer, causes the difference between the negro laborer exposed to the sun and the Brazilian savage who lives in the forest? The latter is more or less chocolate colored, but not black. Are these facts, he asks, sufficient to prove absolutely Buffon's assertion that the color of the skin depends on the climate? Evidently not. If they were, we should see the descendants of a white person become black, and vice versa. The acclimated white man does not work in the sun, and he preserves his white skin as a Brahman does. Furthermore, it would require many generations to accomplish the change.—New York Medical Journal.

Sportsmen's Notebooks.

Nearly every sportsman keeps a notebook, in which are recorded dates, places and kinds, sizes, conditions and so on of the game or fish he does or does not take. Such a man, when he tells a story, big, little or old, can clinch it by referring to his book. Every naturalist finds it imperative to note every detail of his observations, and at the end of ten years or a year he finds a satisfaction in looking over his notes which is worth the trouble ten times over. There are men who have notes dating back over 50 years which would be a mine of wealth for writers on natural history. One man carried scales in the woods with him for years and weighed piece by piece the moose and other big game that he killed, noting it down carefully, so that now, after a long hunting life, he can give the average weight of any wild animals with which he is familiar.—New York Sun.

A Pleasant Frolic.

After the dissipated Duke of Wharton had been narrating his frolics, Dean Swift said to him: "My lord, let me recommend one more to you. Take a frolic to be good. Rely upon it you will find it the pleasantest frolic you ever engaged in."

A Season of Opera.

Manager S. J. Nelson has taken a plunge into the uncertain waters of speculation and looks to his friends to see that he does not sink. The friends of a theatrical manager are everybody, especially when he is the only person who brings entertaining attractions from the outside world to keep the people of his city from perishing through the monotony of counting cash and cutting coupons. A contract has been signed with the Andrews Opera Company to give a one night engagement here Monday, May 18. The artists composing this organization are among the foremost in the U. S. and superb renditions of opera may be looked for.

Notice to Bidders.

Rhineland, May 13, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at the Town Clerk's office of Pelican, opened May 18 at 10 a. m. for the building of a bridge across the Pelican river at A. J. Germond's. Plans and specifications at the Clerk's office. The town board reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

A. M. ROGERS, Town Clerk.

A Cure for Muscular Rheumatism.

Mrs. R. L. Lamson, of Fairmont, Illinois, says: "My sister used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for muscular rheumatism and it effected a complete cure. I keep it in the house at all times and have always found it beneficial for aches and pains. It is the quickest cure for rheumatism, muscular pains and lumbago I have ever seen." For sale at Palace Drug Store.

Grand Opera House.

S. J. NELSON, Manager.

Monday Evening, May 18
ONE NIGHT ONLY.

The Andrews
Opera Co.

The Pretty Persian

A Comic Opera in Three Acts by Lacoy.

Three Great Comedians!
A Splendid Orchestra!
All New Costumes!

Reserved Seats at Squier's.

Sound Like Miracles!

We will send free on application a large sheet of unsolicited testimonials about the cures made by Humphreys' Specifics. Address Humphreys' Medicine Co., New York.

Any lady or gentleman intending to purchase a bicycle cheap will find it to their interest to call and inspect my wheels now on exhibition at the Second Hand Store. I have as good a line of wheels as there is made and my prices are right. I. E. MACK.

FOR SALE—Heavy Allis Band Mill, built for 11 in. saw, complete and in good condition.

PAINE LUMBER COMPANY,
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My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.

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HOMEOPATHIC
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In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from overwork or other cause. 50¢ per vial, or 2 vials and large vial powder, for \$2. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 N. 5th St., New York.

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Rhineland, Wis.
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Special attention given to Chronic Troubles.
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Night calls answered from residence—Hinman Building, opp. P. O. (up stairs.)
Rhineland, Wisconsin.

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... SPECIFIC FOR ...

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4—Diarrhea, of Children or Adults.

5—Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.

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7—Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo.

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9—Suppressed or Painful Periods.

10—Whiters, Too Profuse Periods.

11—Croup, Laryngitis, Whooping Cough.

12—Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions.

13—Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.

14—Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague.

15—Catarrh, Indigestion, Cold in the Head.

16—Whooping Cough.

17—Kidney Diseases.

18—Nervous Debility.

19—Erysipelas.

20—Sore Throat, Quinsy, Diphtheria.

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